



SMERIGLIO

Nostalgia: TOUCH

For all the years you've lived on the Island, you remain an outlander. They will never allow you to forget it, but this doesn't mean this isn't your home. You've walked its every path, paced its every beach, tumbled down its every hill. The feeling of the wind on your face, whether raised by the Sea or your own running, is all you live for. For this reason, many on the Island call you a fool. And they are right.

You can't deny you've always enjoyed a joke and a laugh, at the cost of hours from your sleep or your work. You take your time to carve each boat, driving off the most impatient among the fishermen time and time again. Yet you always see them come back, like sheep to the barn.

For quite some time now, you've been friends with Notacanto. He's a cripple that lives on the cliffs by the sea, sticking to the rocks like some kind of barnacle. You're not surprised that the Islanders like him even less than they like you, but that's at least part of the reason you gave the monster a chance, when he came to visit you. You couldn't have made a better decision: He's as strong as a bull and he could go on chopping wood for days. This means you're left with the fine-tuning, the part you like the most, and you have much more time to wander the Island. This also means you have more time for other affairs.

In fact, your oldest acquaintance on the Island is Lanzardo: A brigand, a smuggler, but first and foremost a skilled Seaman. He sails tirelessly all

across the Archipelago, going as far as the Inner Islands, those in the hands of the Mainland. And he always comes back with the most interesting trinkets. He can even get his hands on their odd mechanical contraptions, from time to time. You gladly give him shelter in exchange for some of his stories, but you've never accepted any of his gifts. You find the far reaches of the Sea as fascinating as they are fearsome: The Island is enough for you.

But life isn't always quiet and uneventful, not even here. A couple of weeks ago, a Confessor came ashore near your house, barely able to steer his ruined ship. They say his kind lose their way with the spoken word, as obsessed with writing as they are, but he didn't need to speak much. He wanted you to repair his boat and you gladly accepted, because you'd never seen such a fine vessel. You know you could have asked for a Confession, but there is nothing in your life you wish to forget, so you settled for the name of the ship: Alalunga. When you were already deep in thought about the secrets of its craftsmanship and how to repurpose them for your own projects, the Confessor spoke one last time: He ordered you to keep the monster away from the Landing.

What could Notacanto want from the holy men's haven? It didn't take long for you to figure it out: It's always a woman's fault. His is named Alosa, and she's an acolyte of the Confessors. Although you've only met her once, she looked like a gentle, sensible girl. You trust her to be acute enough not to hurt your friend.



SMERIGLIO THE SHIPWRIGHT

War: FEAR

You were on the hills when you heard the biplanes roaring above. You watched their flight in stunned silence, thinking about how happy their pilots must be to be able to soar so freely. When the bombs broke you out of your reverie, you ran to your shack and there, thank the Sea, you found Lanzardo. He ordered you to push the Confessor's boat in the water and you complied, letting him take the helm as you stood frozen with terror. It had dawned on you that the War would destroy your life on the Island. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Without giving you any explanation, Lanzardo followed the coastline until you got to the woods, and once there he went ashore and came back with the Crone. Seeing her reminded you of Notacanto's tales: He's deathly afraid of that woman. In a glimpse of clarity, you asked Lanzardo to sail by the cliffs where the cripple lives, near the Landing. That's how you ran into Alosa, sprawled on the beach like a rag doll. You brought her to safety and finally found Notacanto: He was covered in blood. You thank the Sea it wasn't his own. But that brief moment of relief gave way to despair. You know you just delayed the inevitable: Without the Island, you are lost. You can't hide from the Mainland forever.



SMERIGLIO THE SHIPWRIGHT

Costume: OUTLANDER'S HAT

Taboo words: SOLDIER
 BIPLANE
 BETRAYAL
 REGRET
 ENEMY

